

Good Morning 419

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Here's Good News Tel. Fred Pottinger

Here, Tel. Fred Pottinger, is a photo of your two sisters and your 18-months-old nephew, and to go with the photo, we have a spot of news.

Firstly, your mother is getting on fine, she is recovering from her illness very quickly, and the day we called at 256, Bedford Road, Bootle, Liverpool, was her second day up.

She asked us to tell you that she is feeling a lot better and that the next time you come home, she will be feeling "The tops." She says "I hope you have received the money, Fred, and will find plenty to spend it on. God bless you, and don't forget where home is if you should get a spot of leave."

Dolly sent her love to you, Fred, and showed us the family snap album—we noticed that you held a good place in it, and when we saw the photo of you holding baby Alan, the look of pride on your face told us in no uncertain terms that we had better take a photo of young Alan for "Good Morning," or else

Lily was engaged in the most important of operations—feeding Alan!

He sat in his chair with a look of boredom on his face, resigned to the fact that toast and jam on the table wasn't for him, only this mushy stuff. Ah me, it's a bit of a bind when a fellow can't even have toast and jam for his tea!

Between you and me, Fred, it's a wonder that our photographer had time to take any pictures, because the moment that Alan was put down from the table, he made a bee-line for him, and refused to budge from his knee until each one of his toys had been inspected and approved of.

Then there was that thing called a camera, flash bulbs, plates, etc.

But, alas, that is where the fun stopped, for the case containing the aforementioned was gently but firmly closed, and not even the mighty hammerings from Alan's podgy little fists would move the lock.

So, maybe, after all, the toys were better to play with! And anyway, there was a man to gurgles to, and men are much more understanding than all these women that surround him!

Your Coat has a Story

L. Tel. John Drewery

They say that coincidence is sometimes quite uncanny.

Anyhow, we have a typical example of such inexplicable happenings—of especial interest to Leading Telegraphist John Philip Drewery.

For when G. M. representatives called at your home, 16, Orrell Road, Bootle, Liverpool, your mother, Mrs. Florence Drewery, came to answer our knock—with a navy blue raincoat in her hand.

You've guessed, of course, that it was a Naval raincoat. It was yours, John.

And therein lies a story. Your mother told us.

Loud and long you used to curse this raincoat's predecessor. With a mild and almost angelic expression on

After the Ball was over, Thief forgot his Top hat!

WHO was the criminal who stole £5,000 worth of jewellery some years ago from Wimborne House, and forgot, when he left to take his top-hat with him?

This is one of the strangest cases on the records of Scotland Yard. For this gentleman thief not only forgot his shining top hat, but he omitted to lift £45,000 of gems that lay within a few feet of him in Lady Wimborne's bedroom.

It was a funny case, there were elements of humour in it. One Scotland Yard detective still retains a shrewd suspicion as to the criminal's identity; but suspicion in this case did not land the thief.

WIMBORNE HOUSE, one of the finest mansions in London, was giving a most brilliant reception. The Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, was there. There were princes of foreign quality. The cream of British nobility entered the stately portals for the occasion. The whole house was brilliantly lit during the evening, from before the beginning of the ball, at 10.30 p.m., till every guest had gone.

The women who attended wore their finest raiment, their most costly jewels. Lady Wimborne, the hostess, had on her dress and fingers that night gems worth £50,000.

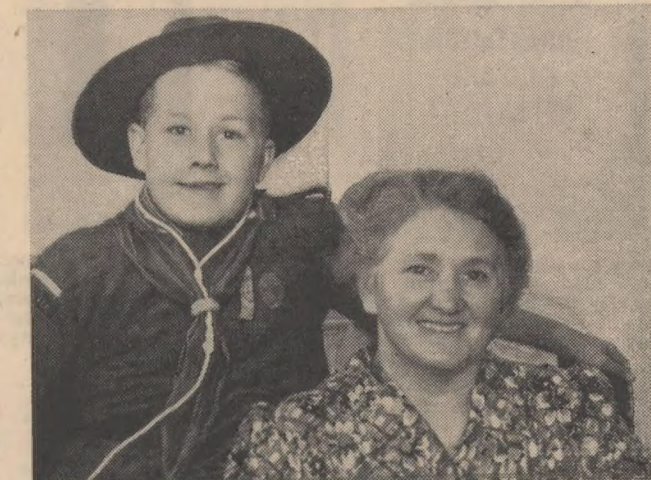
Admission was by invitation card only. How did the thief get in?

The police first heard of the theft when the telephone bell of Vine Street Police Station trilled. Somebody asked that officers should be sent to Wimborne House.

Two hurried off—Detective Inspector J. Henry and Detective-sergeant Worth. Wimborne House stands in Arlington Street, next to the Ritz, and there Lady Wimborne told her story.

She had remained at the hall until the last guest had departed. By that time it was coming dawn. Then she went up to her bedroom. In the dressing-room she removed her magnificent earrings, made up of diamonds weighing eleven carats each. She took her six diamond rings and placed them on a table.

From the dressing-room she went up half a short flight of stairs to her bedroom, and there she placed the remainder of her ornaments, worth in all about £45,000. Lady Wimborne popped into bed and went to sleep.



your face, you used to say that the "quarter bloke" who issued you with it should have been drowned at birth.

You didn't like, for instance, the way the shrunken condition of the sleeves made your pint of beer in danger of spilling when you bent your elbow.

But the new raincoat, on which your mother was plying needle and thread when we called, is many times larger in size.

And there it is, neatly folded and in the Springtime of its life, waiting for your next leave.

All at home are well—especially your 15-years-old cousin,

Evidently the thief had worn gloves, or so it was thought.

The task in front of the detectives was colossal. There had been six hundred people in the house that night. There was a large staff of servants, an Italian and a French cuisine, teams of chefs, helpers, footmen, valets, maids.

In charge of all this array of service was the butler, Mr. Ernest Ringwood, who gave all information he could and helped the detectives to the best of his ability. It was a painful matter for everybody, for many of the servants had been with Wimborne House for a long time.

Having talked to the staff, the detectives next concentrated on the guests. Men and women of title, princes of royal blood, were approached. Had they seen anything unusual? Had they noticed any person not "in Society." The Wimborne theft inquiries surged towards the feet of public men and women—and the tide receded leaving not a clue.

Meantime messages had been sent to ports, and special detectives kept a lookout for the movements of known international thieves. Every jeweller and pawnbroker in England was notified of the missing gems. The police in Paris and Amsterdam were notified and asked to help.

More than that. Squads of police watched certain suspected receivers of stolen property. High-class burglars—and there were a number of them loose—were spied upon.

Investigations even went to the length of trailing and questioning some young ne'er-do-wells of good families who drifted about the West End. There are always young ne'er-do-wells. Their movements were checked up.

Every avenue was traversed. Every stone—to use a hackneyed political phrase—was turned. There was even an advertisement in certain newspapers offering the return of the hat which "had been found" to the owner. But the man who wore it never claimed it. He knew better.

The generally accepted theory of the robbery was that someone had gatecrashed the party in evening dress, had concealed himself after the guests had gone, and then made his way to Lady Wimborne's dressing-room—unaware that he could have had another £45,000 if he had slipped into the bedroom a few yards away.

Working on this theory, the detectives asked themselves how such a gatecrasher would come to the house. Not in his own car. It was agreed he would go in a taxi. So inquiries were made at every rank in the West End. But no taximan had been hired to drive to the ball.

The nearest thing to a clue was the statement of a driver who said he had seen a young man in evening dress hurrying along from Arlington Street in the early hours. But whether the taximan had seen a ghost, or dreamed a dream, was never established; in any case, after a lot of inquiries, the identity of the apparition was not discovered.

The police, however, went after people who worked, or lived, in the district, and those whose labours brought them into the district during the hours just after the ball was over.

Doorkeepers of clubs were interrogated; so were charwomen, porters, anybody and everybody.

And all this time the polished top-hat, which the police held, remained on a shelf, mocking them, so to speak.

I am relating all the activities in connection with this theft to demonstrate the tireless methods of the search for a criminal.

The most strange fact of this strange theft was that the jewels never came on to the market. Detectives were waiting for them to appear somewhere, somehow, so they might be able to work back along the line. But not a gem was ever traced.

I was speaking to a detective engaged on that job about this remarkable aspect of it. I gathered that he had a suspicion that was large in his mind, but he could not lay his hand on the suspect for obvious reasons; nor can I, for the same reasons, mention the name of the suspect.

There may never have been a gatecrasher, he said. The shining top-hat may have been



a blind. Yet there was a theft; and the hat had been left behind.

I feel inclined to agree with the police officer, to some extent, who suggested to me that this unknown burglar took the jewels, but forgot that the police would hem in every outlet to get rid of them. His swag, once revealed, would

But what is Freedom? Rightly understood, A universal licence to be good.

Hartley Coleridge (1796-1849).

I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in.

Oliver Edwards (1711-1791).

There are not in the world at any one time more than a dozen persons who read and understand Plato; never enough to pay for an edition of his works; yet to every generation these come duly down, for the sake of those few persons, as if God brought them written in his hand.

Emerson.

When widows exclaim loudly against second marriages, I would always lay a wager that the man, if not the wedding day, is absolutely fixed on.

Henry Fielding.

have given him away, for every stone was known and described.

So there we have the peculiar situation of a thief who (whether he gatecrashed or not) forgot his top-hat, but most important of all, forgot that the selling of this swag would convict him.

So he let the police have his hat and he couldn't sell the gems.

But he remembered that just in time!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

FUNERAL FANDANGO

PART 10

AT the close of the week we were ready to sail, but were delayed a day or two by the running away of Foster, the man who had been our second mate.

From the time that he was "broken" he had had a dog's berth on board the vessel, and determined to run away at the first opportunity. Having shipped for an officer when he was not half a seaman, he found little pity with the crew, and was not man enough to hold his ground among them.

One night he was insolent to an officer on the beach, and refused to come aboard in the boat. He was reported to the captain; and as he came on board—it being past the proper hour—he was called aft and told that he was to have a flogging.

Immediately he fell down on the deck, calling out, "Don't flog me, Captain T—; don't flog me!" and the captain, angry with him and disgusted with his cowardice, gave him a few blows over the back with a rope's end, and sent him forward. He was not much hurt, but a good deal frightened, and made up his mind to run away that very night.

This was managed better than anything he ever did in his life, and seemed really to show some spirit and fore-thought.

He unpacked his chest, putting all his valuable clothes into a large canvas bag, and told one of us, who had the watch, to call him at midnight.

Finding no officer on deck, and all still aft, he lowered his bag into a boat, got softly down into it, cast off the painter, and let it drop down silently with the tide until he was out of hearing, when he sculled ashore.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey, Sarge, I'm being as good a soldier as I can! What'd you expect for 'alf-a-dollar a day—General Montgomery?"

WANGLING WORDS—358

1. Put a sea-bird in ALATE and make it every other one.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Blearr lori het otu unf fo vahe brelar a stel.

3. Mix OLIVE, add T, and get a flower.

4. Find the two hidden condiments in: From us tar distillers comes bitumen, a universal top dressing for roads.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 357

1. PANdemonIUM.
2. Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you.
3. OROCHI-D.
4. Clare-t, Brand-y.

The next morning when all hands were mustered there was a great stir to find Foster. Of course we would tell nothing; and all they could discover was that he had left an empty chest behind him, and that he went off in a boat.

After breakfast the captain went up to the town and offered a reward of twenty dollars for him; and for a couple of days the soldiers, Indians, and all others who had nothing to do were scouring the country for him on horse-back, but without effect; for he was safely concealed all the time within fifty rods of the hide-houses.

As soon as he had landed, he went directly to the hide-house of the "Lagoda," which was still in harbour; and a part of her crew who were living there on shore promised to conceal him and his traps until the "Pilgrim" should sail, and then to intercede with Captain Bradshaw to take him on board his ship.

Just behind the hide-houses, among the thickets and under-wood, was a small cave, the entrance to which was known only to the two men on the beach.

To this cave he was carried before daybreak in the morning, and supplied with bread and water, and there remained until he saw us under way and well round the point.

On Friday, March 27th, the captain, having given up all hope of finding Foster, gave orders for unmooring ship, and we made sail, dropping slowly down with the tide.

Our crew was now considerably weakened. Yet there was not one who was not glad that Foster had escaped; for shiftless and good-for-nothing as he was, no one could wish to see him dragging on a miserable life, cowed down and disheartened; and we were all rejoiced to hear, upon our return to San Diego about two months afterwards, that he had been immediately taken aboard the "Lagoda."

After a slow passage of five days, we arrived on Wednesday, the first of April, at our old anchoring ground at San Pedro. In a few days the hides began to come slowly down, and we got into the old business of rolling goods up the hill, pitching hides down, and pulling our long league off and on.

On board things went on in the common monotonous way. The excitement which immediately followed the flogging scene had passed off, but the effect of it upon the crew, and especially upon the two men themselves, remained.

After a stay of a fortnight, during which we slipped for one southeaster, and were at sea two days, we got under way for Santa Barbara. There we found lying at anchor the large Genoese ship which we saw in the same place

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. Dana

on the first day of our coming upon the coast.

It was now the close of Lent, and on Good Friday she had all her yards a'cock-bill, which is customary among Catholic vessels. Some also have an effigy of Judas, which the crew amuse themselves with keel-hauling and hanging by the neck from the yard-arms.

THE next Sunday was Easter Day, and as there had been no liberty at San Pedro, it was our turn to go ashore and misspend another Sabbath.

Everything wore the appearance of a holiday. Under the piazza of a "pulperia" two men were seated, decked out with knots of ribands and bouquets, and playing the violin and the Spanish guitar.

Inquiring for an American who, we had been told, had married in the place, and kept a shop, we were directed to a long, low building, at the end of which was a door with a sign over it in Spanish.

Entering the shop we found no one in it, and the whole had a deserted appearance.

In a few minutes the man made his appearance, and apologised for having nothing to entertain us with, saying that he had had a fandango at his house the night before, and the people had eaten and drunk up everything.

"Oh, yes," said I; "Easter holidays."

"No," said he, with a singular expression on his face; "I had a little daughter die the other

day, and that's the custom of the country."

At this I felt a little strangely, not knowing what to say, or whether to offer consolation or no, and was beginning to retire when he opened a side-door and told us to walk in.

Here I was no less astonished; for I found a large room filled with young girls from three or four years of age up to fifteen and sixteen, dressed all in white, with wreaths of flowers on their heads and bouquets in their hands.

Following our conductor among all these girls, who were playing about in high spirits, we came to a table at the end of the room, covered with a white cloth, on which lay a coffin about three feet long with the body of his child.

Through an open door we saw in another room a few elderly people in common dresses; while the benches and tables thrown up in a corner and the stained walls gave evident signs of the last night's "high go."

To pass away the time we hired horses and rode down to the beach. From the beach we returned to the town, and finding that the funeral procession had moved, rode on and overtook it about half way to the mission.

Here was as peculiar a sight as we had seen before in the house—the one looking as little like a funeral procession as the other did like a house of mourning.

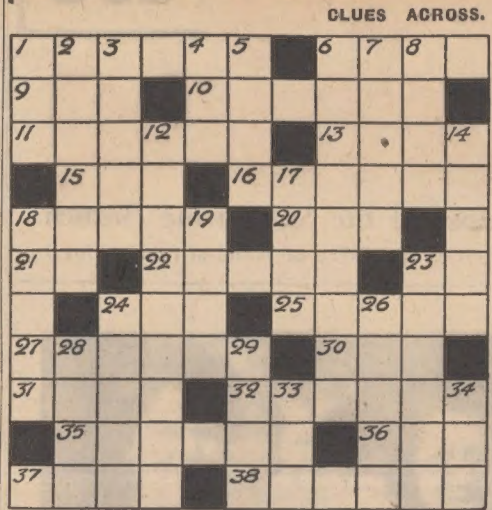
The coffin was borne by eight girls, who were continually relieved by others, running forward from the procession and taking their places. Behind it came a straggling company of girls, dressed as before, in white and flowers, and including, I should suppose by their numbers, nearly all the girls between five and fifteen in the place.

They played along on the way, frequently stopping and running altogether to talk to someone, or to pick up a flower, and then running on again to overtake the coffin.



There's nothing like comfortable bed and breakfast, but that other idea about wanting fleas, sure gives one cause to think. Luckily the fleas are wanted by Dr. Ford, well-known trainer, who finds fleas very scarce. If he didn't, we guess the landlady of the bed-and-breakfast section would be finding things pretty rare, too.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Of the tail.
- 6 Whip end.
- 9 Admit.
- 10 Beat.
- 11 Obvious.
- 13 Farm animals.
- 15 Outfit.
- 16 Hampshire town.
- 18 Memento.
- 20 Scottish mountain.
- 21 Supported by.
- 22 Odd.
- 23 Cry of joy.
- 24 Sable.
- 25 Store.
- 27 Windows.
- 30 Luminary.
- 31 Colour.
- 32 Fuel.
- 35 Assemble.
- 36 Entreat.
- 37 Robust.
- 38 Abandon.

PITIT DWELT
EXFORE PIE
LID MACHINE
MAUD FRACAS
E PALTER G
THEME EDGES
E PADDLE I
WATERY YAWL
ADORNED ROE
TEN ERIC ON
TREND MOULT

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Catch colloquially.
- 2 Arouse.
- 3 To the time when.
- 4 Beard of corn.
- 5 Slat.
- 6 Most skilful.
- 7 Mountain Ash.
- 8 Unseal.
- 12 Conventional manners.
- 14 Summer ermine.
- 17 Retired.
- 18 Automaton.
- 19 Spiral lock.
- 23 Highly respect.
- 24 Last.
- 26 Wrinkle.
- 28 Latvian capital.
- 29 Went fast.
- 33 Before.
- 34 Allow.

There were a few elderly women in common colours; and a herd of young men and boys, some on foot and others mounted, followed them, or walked or rode by their side, frequently interrupting them by jokes and questions.

But the most singular thing of all was that two men walked, one on each side of the coffin, carrying muskets in their hands, which they continually loaded and fired into the air.

As we drew near the mission we saw the great gate thrown open and the padre standing on the steps with a crucifix in his hand. Just at this moment the bells set up their harsh, discordant clang, and the procession moved into the court.

I was anxious to follow and see the ceremony, but the horse of one of my companions had become frightened and was tearing off towards the town, and having thrown his rider and got one of his feet caught in the saddle, which had slipped, was fast dragging and ripping it to pieces.

Knowing that my shipmate could not speak a word of Spanish, and fearing that he would get into difficulty, I was obliged to leave the ceremony and ride after him.

(To be continued)

I am a little world made cunningly
Of elements, and an angelic sprite.

John Donne.

To cheat a man is nothing;
but the woman must have fine parts indeed who cheats a woman.

John Gay.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.

Goldsmith.

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Pot-wallopers was the name given to electors, prior to the Reform Act of 1832, who were permitted to receive the franchise on producing proof that they had, as the phrase went, "boiled their own pot" in the constituency during the six months preceding an election.

Polo, or "hockey on horse-back," originated in Asia.

Enemy of snakes in Africa is the secretary bird, so called because of the quill-like plumes about its ears. It is a large bird, about four feet in height.

QUIZ for today

1. Pannage is kitchen ware, farmyard manure, right to pasture swine, cook's holiday, weed?
2. Who wrote (a) The Passionate Crime, (b) The Passionate Elopement?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Parallel, Obtuse, Sycophant, Fig-leaf, Occasion, Temperature, Sincure.
4. What name was given to the mythical planet between Mercury and the Sun?
5. What country uses a coin called the Bolivar?
6. Which was the first British streamlined locomotive?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Orra, Orrery, Ont, Orris, Orse, Orpiment, Orphrey.
8. Who is the present ruler of Abyssinia?
9. Where were the famous Hanging Gardens?
10. Which King of England was known as Longshanks?
11. What Bible character is associated with bullrushes?
12. Name four film stars beginning with H.

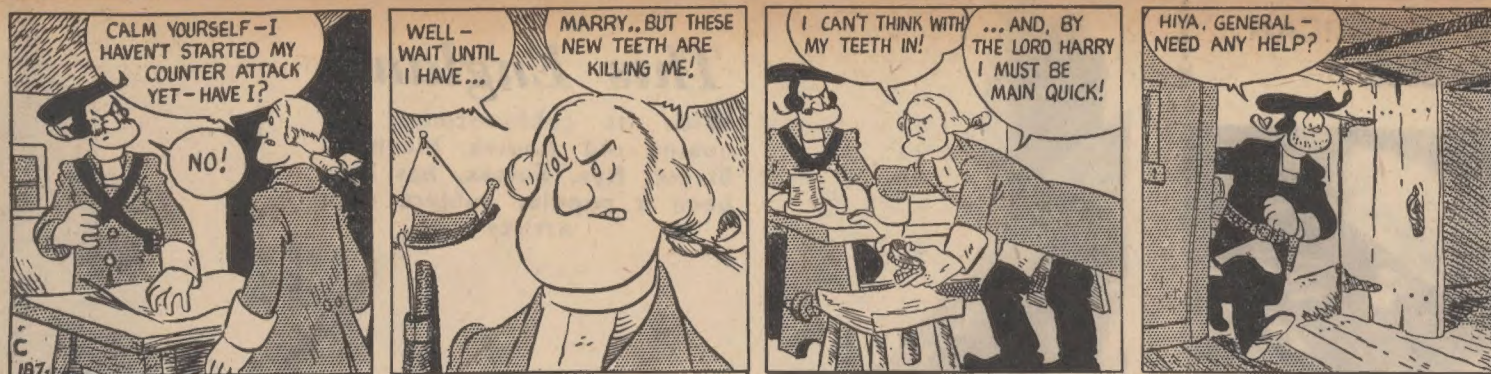
Answers to Quiz in No. 418

1. Drink.
2. (a) George Meredith, (b) Thomas Campbell.
3. Virginia plane is a living tree; others are inanimate objects.
4. The Promenade Concerts.
5. Joseph Barrow.
6. Absalom and Samson.
7. Owyer.
8. Another diamond.
9. Two.
10. Tom Pearce's.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



PROPOSALS for a new £2,000,000 Crystal Palace, designed to become the "Rendezvous of the World," have been provisionally agreed by the Trustees.

The new buildings will be erected as soon as possible after the war ends. High-light of the proposal is a plan for the finest roof gardens in the world.

They will be built on the low, flat roofs of exhibition buildings 500 feet wide and stretching for nearly half a mile.

Flood-lighting, fairy-lighting, and every type of the most modern illumination will make the new Palace a beacon for miles around. From the roof gardens there will be a view over all London and much of Kent and Surrey.

Among the gardens on the roof will be a central bandstand, open-air cafes, dance floors, and provision for open-air games.

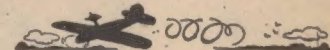


THE principal building will consist of a large exhibition hall, two self-contained smaller ones, which can all be opened into one huge hall by monster sliding doors.

Built on the end of this will be a sports hall, containing a swimming pool and an ice rink capable of being covered with a hydraulic platform floor to extend the already vast space available for exhibitions.

Most of the buildings will have dual purposes. A circular theatre, which will seat 8,000, designed for circuses, boxing tournaments and band contests, will be capable of being split in half to form a semi-circular auditorium for stage shows.

Other features planned include special accommodation for Youth Movements and similar post-war activities.



PAULETTE GODDARD has another ring—this one, her third, was bought by actor Burgess Meredith.

The actress announced the engagement on the wedding eve—"We're flying to Tia Juana, Mexico, on Sunday, for the wedding," she told my Hollywood contact.

Paulette is thirty-three now. She married first seventeen years ago, and got a divorce five years later.

She married Chaplin around 1933—that wedding was "secret," and no one was supposed to have known about the subsequent divorce.

I think I must write to Joad to ask his interpretation of the word "smart"; seems I must be getting the wrong answer when I think of the Hollywood "Smart Set."



DERRICK JOHN HEWITT, of Greenford, Road, Middlesex, is a "Mother's Boy." While other boys were playing, Derrick was sweeping the floor for mother or peeling potatoes.

But it didn't make him a milksop. At 15½ he is handyman and "tough guy" enough to be cinema proprietor, interior decorator, furniture maker, charity organiser.

Eight months ago he set to work to convert his father's disused garage into a cinema. He built the stage from waste wood given him by his father.

To-day he has a weekly audience of twenty boy and girl friends who pay 2d. and 2½d. to see the films which Derrick borrows from a film library.

The proceeds are set aside for good objects.



THANKS to the Society of Sussex Downsmen, another eighty miles of my favourite county have been saved from the jerry-builder.

The Downsmen, nearly a thousand strong, have their own patrols, done on horseback, cycle or foot, but with no uniform. Their work is to stop vandalism, report on downland put up for sale, and keep an eye on rights of way that fall to the plough "for the duration."

The society's Trust, working with the National Trust, has put its zealous foot down on many so-called development schemes.

Ditchling village, where Anne of Cleves was pensioned off by Henry VIII, was threatened by a building scheme that met with Downsmen's disapproval. They squashed it, with the backing of the Ministry of Works.

Ron Richards



Hollywood actress, take a dip. Guess anywhere. Don't

Evelyn Ankers, prepares to she would make a splash you agree?



This England

With its cobble-stones and quaint old houses Mermaid Street, Rye, Sussex, has long been a popular subject with artists.



It may not be a super yacht, but to these youngsters there's a day's racing ahead.



No swan song for this horse. Merely that he is cooling off in the Thames at Chiswick.



Now, who the heck has given them the wrong dishes?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Things have altered since my days."

